The Loser's Experiment

bi_loser99

The Loser's Experiment by bi_loser99

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King, Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Alternate Universe - Twins, Child Abuse, Crossover, F/M, M/M, Mike Wheeler Angst, Past Child Abuse, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Torture
Language: English
Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven (Stranger Things), Henry Bowers, Henry Bowers's Gang (IT), James (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Patrick Hockstetter, Pennywise (IT), Reginald “Belch” Huggins, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Steve Harrington, Ted Wheeler, Troy (Stranger Things), Victor Criss, Will Byers
Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Stanley Uris, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Georgie Denbrough & The Losers Club, Richie Tozier & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers & Eleven & Dustin Henderson & Max & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2017-11-07
Updated: 2017-11-07
Packaged: 2020-02-01 13:35:43
Rating: General Audiences
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 1
Words: 3,419
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Two years after Will Byers first dissapeared, Hawkins belives that everything is back to normal.

But not everyone has forgotten about what happened.

When something new comes to haunt Hawkins, the lives of both the Loser's Club and the kids of Hawkins will change forever.

The Loser's Experiment

Author's Note:

> I was really inspired to write this so i hope you enjoy it!

Mike has never been a fan of dreams. They just were a weird experience for Mike, ever since he was little. He didn't dread it but he didn't look forward to it either. They were mainly uneventful if he was being honest. He usually roamed around in the dark. That was it. Just complete and utter darkness.

You would think that he would be unaffected by these dreams, but that was not the case. Sometimes he would wake up so sad he couldn't stop the tears. Sometimes he woke up so angry that it took all of his willpower not to throw his things around his room until they smashed. Sometimes, he woke up so full of terror that he would hide under the blankets, shaking like a leaf.

He didn't understand them. Once, when he was eight, he tried to ask Nancy. She was older, well into middle school. Back then, he was sure that she knew everything. But she brushed him off and told him to stop annoying her. She had better things to focus on, like studying for her pre-algebra test and how she should wear her makeup for the first day of 8th grade. He stopped questioning them after that.

After everything that happened with the demogorgon in the fall of 1983 and everything that happened with the mind flayer in the fall of 1984, Mike started having a new type of dream. Nightmares.

These nightmares were terrible. Most times he couldn't tell it was a dream until he was fully awake. Sometimes, he swears he's back in

that classroom watching El get disintegrated while destroying the demogorgon. Sometimes, he swears he's back in Hawkins Lab, hearing the screams of people as they get torn apart by demo-dogs. Like he can still smell all the blood. Like he can still see the people getting torn apart; like he can still feel the adrenaline pumping through his veins as he runs for his life.

When he wakes up from those, he is screaming and thrashing in his bed. Nancy will run into his room and try to calm him down and make him realize he isn't back in that lab or he isn't back in that classroom. Unless she is with Jonathan. Then it's his mother who tries to calm him down, but she isn't as great at comforting Mike as she used to. Most time she came in blurry eyed and the stench of chardonnay wafting out of her mouth. His dad slept through it peacefully on the La-Z-Boy with the help of a few glasses of whiskey.

His dreams the night of August 30th were no different than normal. Fortunately, he wasn't dreaming of a flashback. He was in the darkness once again. Like normal, he just roamed and allowed the emotions roll through him. Whenever the emotions seemed too strong, he would try to focus on the soft pitter patter of his feet through the thin layer of water on the floor of the darkness.

It was hard telling time when he dreamt in the darkness. Sometimes he would sleep for hours but he felt like he was in the darkness for minutes. Sometimes he would sleep for minutes and felt like he was in the darkness for hours. Tonight it felt like he was walking in the darkness for hours.

During his dreams in the darkness, he is always alone. He has never once seen another living thing, or anything for that matter. He just walked and felt things. But that night, he wasn't alone. It crept on him. The feeling that he was being watched. He's never felt that

while dreaming. But he brushed it off and kept walking. But as he kept walking, the feeling of being watched got worse and worse. He felt the strongest emotion he's ever felt while in the darkness; terror. A terrible mix of terrible of pain washed over him. He kept walking in the darkness, trying to focus on the sound of his bare feet slapping against the wet ground. But then he heard it.

Sick laughter resounded all around him. It made his stomach twist, bile was burning at the back of his throat.

"Hello?" Mike said, his voice trembling with fear.

The laughter only gets louder and louder, sounding almost like a mix between a scream and a twisted version of humor. Mike's terror only increases; he would run but he has no idea where he is and no idea where the laughter is, just darkness.

"Hello? I know someone's there!" Mike yells, his voice cracking and trembling, in the back of his head he's glad no one is around to hear it.

Suddenly, someone barrels into him from behind and knocks him into the ground. Mike lets out a scream and scrambles up and away from whatever hit him. The sight only increases his terror. In front of him is a little boy, maybe nine years old in a yellow raincoat. The whole right side of the raincoat is slick with blood. The right sleeve is completely torn off, exposing a profusely bleeding, torn up stump where the boy's right arm should have been.

"Oh my god! Are you okay?" Mike screams, the bile continuing to

burn his throat.

“Billy! Billy, help! It’s got me!” The little boy screams, as if he can’t see or hear Mike.

But Mike can see and hear him. Mike can feel the terror and pain radiating off the boy. He’s never felt emotions this strong like before.

“Whose, Billy? Where is it?” Mike’s screams become just as frantic as the boy’s.

In the back of his mind, he wishes El was here. Even though he knows this is just a dream, he wishes she as hear. She would know what to do. She would know how to help.

Before Mike could ask anymore questions, a sickeningly white hand wraps around the boys foot and drags him back into the darkness. The laughter that Mike heard before was suddenly not all around him, but right in front of him. Just beyond, hidden by the darkness. Mike scrambles back, kicking his feet to try and get away from the fear and hurting and whatever was laughing. He prayed that he woke up, using the prayer he learned for his bar mitzvah to try to help.

Before G-d could hear his prayer, the laughter stops and *something* jumps out from the shadows and on top of him. It looked like a clown, but not like any clown he’s seen before. It’s face was whiter than anything he’s ever seen, with lips painted blood red and trailing past his eyes. It had tufts of orange hair, not unlike Max’s. It was wearing some dirty costume that was probably white once but now looked like it was caked with dirt and speckled with blood. He looked

like a clown you'd see eighty years ago, not today.

"You'll float too, Mike. You'll float too! Just like little Georgie." The clown spat out, it's voice so sweet it was terrifying. It's whole body moved on top of Mike's as it spoke.

Mike was frozen. He couldn't speak. He couldn't move. He couldn't *breath* . Before he could even think about what to do, the clown changed. It started morphing into a demogorgon. Then it was Will; the possessed version at least. Then it was those demo-dogs. Then it was El. The bad men. Brenner.

As the creature continued to morph into all of Mike's fears; all Mike could do was scream. He just screamed a loud and piercing scream. Through his screams, he could hear someone calling his name. But he couldn't register it through his fear. He continued to scream, not even realizing he was no longer in the darkness and was instead awake.

"Mike! Mike! It's okay! You're awake. It was just a dream. Mike!" Nancy yelled as she clutched onto the thrashing and screaming boy from behind.

Mike just screamed and screamed, clawing at Nancy's arms as she tried to calm him down. But he couldn't shake the pure terror he felt. It was unlike anything he's ever felt, not even in the lab when he was 65% sure they were all going to get torn apart by a hoard of demo-dogs.

"Mike, stop! You're going to hurt yourself!" Nancy screamed, trying not to let her own fear show.

Nancy has spent more nights calming down a terrified and screaming Mike than not. But this is the worst she has ever seen him. Usually it take a few minutes to get him to realize he is awake and safe. But he was been screaming and thrashing in her arms while awake for over fifteen minutes already.

“Mike!” Nancy screams, using all her might.

Fortunately, it seemed to work and Mike slowly stopped screaming and instead leaning into Nancy like his life depended on it. After a moment of silence, Mike began to sob and tremble. Nancy held onto him tighter, whispering comforting words and running his fingers through his hair, now damp with sweat.

“There was a clown.” Mike whispers, afraid to say it outloud as if it would pop out if he did.

“What?” Nancy asks, confused.

“In the dream. There was this… clown? But it wasn’t a clown. It kept changing.” Mike says sounding panicked.

“Mike, it was just a dream…” Nancy says, but that only makes it worse.

“And a little boy! He was- He was covered in blood and he was so

scared and he was bleeding everywhere! His arm was gone! He kept asking for Billy!" Mike was frantic.

"Mike, it was a dream! You're getting too worked up." Nancy says.

"It was saying, 'You'll float too, Mike. You'll float too,'. What does that mean!"

"Mike stop it! Calm down. It was all in your head. A dream." Nancy says and Mike stops talking, just leaning into Nancy.

"It didn't feel like a dream. It felt so real…" Mike says, sniffing.

Nancy feels something warm on her arm and looks to see a small blood splatter. She turns Mike's face to hers and notices a small stream of blood running down his nose.

"Jesus, Mike. You have to try to stay calm. You worked yourself up so much, you gave yourself a nosebleed." Nancy scolds, wiping the blood away with her pajama shirt.

They sat for over an hour in silence, just Nancy holding a trembling Mike. She usually would be back in her own bed by now but this is by far the worst nightmare Mike's had. Even worse than when he has nightmares about when he was trapped in Hawkins Lab. Just when she thinks he might be asleep, so goes to get out of the small twin bed, but Mike's grip on her tightens.

“Please, don’t… I don’t want to be alone.” Mike says, clearly embarrassed that he’s asking his sister to sleep with him because he’s too scared at *fourteen* .

“Of course Mike. Just try to sleep.” Nancy says, laying down next to Mike.

Meanwhile, eighteen hours away, Richie Tozier is having a nightmare. Except, he knew it wasn’t simply a nightmare. It was so much more. Sometimes when he sleeps, when any of them sleep really, they enter the Void. At least that’s what they’ve come to call it. They can’t really think of a better way to describe it.

It was there, in the Void, that Richie saw him. Little Georgie, called Number Twelve for most of his life, had been missing for weeks. He had been out playing while a sick Bill had been bed ridden when he seemed to vanish out of air. All seven of them had searched all of Derry, searched the Void, but no one could find him. Until now.

There in front of him, was Georgie in the same obnoxious yellow raincoat he was last seen in. But he wasn’t alone. Sitting in the water in front of Georgie was a slightly altered version of himself. But this version of himself wasn’t wearing the same thick glasses or have the same crooked teeth. This version didn’t have the number seven tattooed onto his exposed forearm.

Mike.

Richie ran towards the pair, trying to catch up. But the second he catches sight of the blood coating the right side of Georgie, he freezes.

“Billy! Billy, help! It’s got me!” Georgie screams, scrambling towards Mike.

“Whose, Billy? Where is it?” His twin screams, but Georgie can’t hear him or see him. He isn’t connected to Mike like he is connected to the others. He hasn’t been here with Mike before.

Before Richie can think of what to do, a white gloved hand wraps around Georgie’s small ankle and drags him screaming into the darkness. Crazed laughter erupted in front of his twin; Richie could feel a phantom twist in his gut that he knows isn’t his but Mike’s.

Suddenly, out of the dark, something lunged onto his twin. There, right in front of him, was a clown. But it didn’t look like the clown he’d seen at the carnival that August with the others. This clown was terrifying; it’s skin was sickeningly white, with lips the color of blood that trails up it’s face in two fine lines. It’s costume was something out of a period movie that Mike loved to watch so much, except it was covered in dirt and blood. Just the sight alone was terrifying.

“You’ll float too, Mike. You’ll float too! Just like Little Georgie!” It’s voice was cartoonish and made Richie want to run it fear.

“Mike! Fuck!” Richie yelled, trying to get to his twin in time.

Suddenly, the clown started morphing. Richie couldn't really tell what it was morphing into; first a huge monster, then a sickly boy, then a smaller version of the first monster, then it turned into… Eleven?

Richie hasn't seen Eleven since he was ten. She looked older now, she had her hair slicked back and was dressed up in clothes Richie could only describe as punk. She had blood pouring out of hr nose and an angry look on her face.

Before he could really react, Eleven was gone and had morphed into another nightmare of his. People that he hadn't seen in years, the bad men. Those fuckers who worked in the lab. The next was even more chilling. The man who he and the other seven had called their father for years until they learned the truth and escape. Dr. Martin Brenner.

Why was his twin seeing that? How did he even know who that was. Richie made sure that no one would know about Mike, that no one would remember him. Had he failed? Everytime he visits Mike, he looks normal. He doesn't look like an experiment. So how?

Mike was screaming, loud and it felt like it pierced Richie's ears. He doubled over, clutching his ears. The terror that coursed through his veins was a mix of his own and his twins. It was too much. It was way too much for him to handle. Hidden under Mike's screams and, unknown to Richie, his own, was the sound of someone calling out to Mike. Richie's own fear minimized just barely. *Nancy.*

He had never met her, and he had a harder time seeing her in the void due to her not being like him and Mike. But when he heard her voice, he felt himself calm just a bit. The connection between the siblings was something not even Brenner could destroy.

Richie sat up in his sleeping bag, gasping for breath. He hadn't even realized that he had woken up until he heard his name being called frantically by the other seven. He looked around to see his sleeping bag was charred where is hands clutched it so tightly his knuckles were white. He quickly let go of the sleeping bag and a tissue was put in his hand before he could think to ask. He wiped the blood from his nose and ears and looked up to his friends.

"Richie, what happened?" Bev asks softly, knowing not to spook him after a nightmare.

"I was there. The Void." Richie says shakily, still torn up about what he saw.

"D-Did you s-s-s-see him? D-Did you s-s-s-see G-G-G-Georgie?" Bill asks frantically, dread pooling in his chest.

"I.. uh… yes. He was there." Richie says, fighting off the tears in his eyes.

"He wasn't alone, Mike was with him but Georgie couldn't see him." Richie says, not knowing how to tell Bill that Georgie is most likely dead.

"Mike was there? Could he see you?" Mike asked, placing a warm hand on his shoulder.

“No, but he could see Georgie. He was trying to help him but there was… there was something else there.” Richie whispers, remembering the terrifying thing that pulled Georgie away.

“What was it? A person? Another one of us?” Eddie asked, his breath starting to wheeze.

“I don’t know. It pulled Georgie away. There was so much blood. He pulled him away, into the darkness. I couldn’t see where he went. All I saw was a hand. But then he jumped on Mike! He just kept laughing and talking about floating! A goddamn clown! In the fucking void! But it wasn’t a fucking clown, it kept changing. It was a monster and a boy and a different monster and I saw Eleven! I saw her for just a second. But she looked so different. She was older and had hair and was taller and all punk. But then it changed into… into *them* . Into *him* .” Richie rambled, getting more and more panicked as he went on.

“How could he have been there? He can’t get into the Void.” Ben points out.

“It wasn’t really him. It was like whatever that thing was turned into some shitty version of him. Like a fucking memory or some shit.” Richie says, fiddling with is glasses like he does whenever he is scared or uncomfortable.

“Why does your brother know who Eleven is? Who *he* is?” Stan asks.

“Well, I wouldn’t *know* Stanley. It’s not like we write fucking letters to each other!” Richie hisses out, a gust of wind ruffled Stan’s hair.

Richie takes a deep breath to keep from getting angry. He had less control of his powers when he was emotional. They all knew that the fact that Richie was forced to stay away from his own brother in order to protect all of them was a big sore spot.

Slowly, they all turn towards Ben. If anyone could help them to know what to do, it was Ben. His visions weren't always in his control. Sometimes they just came to him, whether he was eating breakfast or jumping into the Quarry with the others. Sometimes, if he concentrated enough in the void, he could force a vision to come to him. But sometimes, it was just vague feelings he felt compelled to act on. This was one of those times.

"Something is wrong. Something is really wrong." Ben says, looking at his hands.

He knew it wasn't what any of them wanted to hear. But he refused to lie, not to his friends, his only family. Especially not at the terrible, sinking feeling that is buzzing through him.

"No. No way! We are not going back." Eddie yells out, his wheezing getting worse.

"W-W-We have t-t-to! I-I-If i-i-it means finding Georgie then w-w-we have to!" Bill says, he flicks in and out as he says that, revealing the small blood stain on the couch behind him.

"Do you not remember the last time we were there? We wouldn't

even consider leaving Derry a week ago?" Stan yells.

"We're fucking going! Something is wrong, you heard Haystack! I'm not leaving him on his own!" Richie yells, wind blowing through the room, stronger than before.

"If they know we're there…." Eddie say, attempting to take in deep breaths.

"We're not the same scared kids we were four years ago. Ben, Bill, and Richie are right. We can't just leave them to fight on their own. We can't give up before we've even started." Mike says, the hand that rested on Richie's shoulder so hot that Richie hisses in pain and Mike pulls the hand away quickly, muttering an apology.

"It's risky…" Bev starts, Bill and Richie praying she would agree with them.

"We need a plan before we go. And we need to make *sure* that *they* don't follow."

Author's Note:

> well, the first chapter is finished! I hope it was enjoyed!
>
> This is jsut the beginning, so get ready to this wild ride.
>
> check out my tumblr @my-son-richie-tozier for updates and extra stuff